

THE SMILE-BRINGER

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

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THE SMILE-BRINGER



THE
SMILE-BRINGER
And Other Bits of Cheer

By
WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Author of
Songs of the Streets and Byways
The Kid Has Gone to the Colors, etc.



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL SHIDELER



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TO
J. P. II.

In this, his third book of verse, the author has included several titles that found favor during the war. Among them are "The Service Flag," "The Soldier of the Silences" and "Huh-uh! Not Me!"

All the verses contained in this volume have appeared in *The Indianapolis News* and the author is grateful for permission to reprint them.

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THE SMILE-BRINGER

THE SMILE-BRINGER

I NEVER shall forget the place
Where first I saw his smiling face;
A face that Heaven must have sent
To banish human discontent.

'Twas in a lonely street that we
Came face to face quite suddenly.
Two roguish eyes looked up! And then
The sun came out for me again!

I don't know what was wrong that day,
My thoughts were deep in Dismal Bay.
You've had those days, the same as I,
When we're in cloud and don't know why.

'Tis then, if Fate is kind, it sends
Across our path those cheering friends
Whose happy natures are designed
To help us leave our cares behind.

THE SMILE-BRINGER

Smile-bringers! That is what they are
Who lift the mist and heal the scar.
Mine, though a boy, has glow of face
That makes my heart a happy place.

One glance at him and I forget
That Gloom and I have ever met.
He smiles—and with those eyes of blue
Smiles deeper—till I'm smiling too!

THE LILY AT THE WINDOW

JUST a plain, old-fashioned cottage,
Let your fancy call to mind,
One with latticed porch and shutters
And an arbor in behind.
Not a house of rare distinction,
Not a home of quaint design,
But a cot wherein a mother
Breathes a sentiment divine.
By the little kitchen window,
On the sunny southern side,
She has grown a flower—a lily—
Herald of the Eastertide.
Symbol of the Resurrection!—
In a pygmy petal-tomb
She had seen it sleep—then waking!—
Glorify that simple room!

Through the long and dreary winter
She had nurtured it with care,
Dreaming that with Spring's returning
Happiness would blossom there.

THE LILY AT THE WINDOW

She had worked with love, believing
That her worn and wrinkled hands
Have a touch that e'en a lily—
Like a baby—understands.
Ah, and now before her window,
Fair as Junetime's fairest sky,
Bloom the children of her nurture,
Gladdening each passer-by.
This her sweet reward for patience,
For the new-blown buds impart
Spring's glad message: "He is Risen!"
And a new song fills her heart.

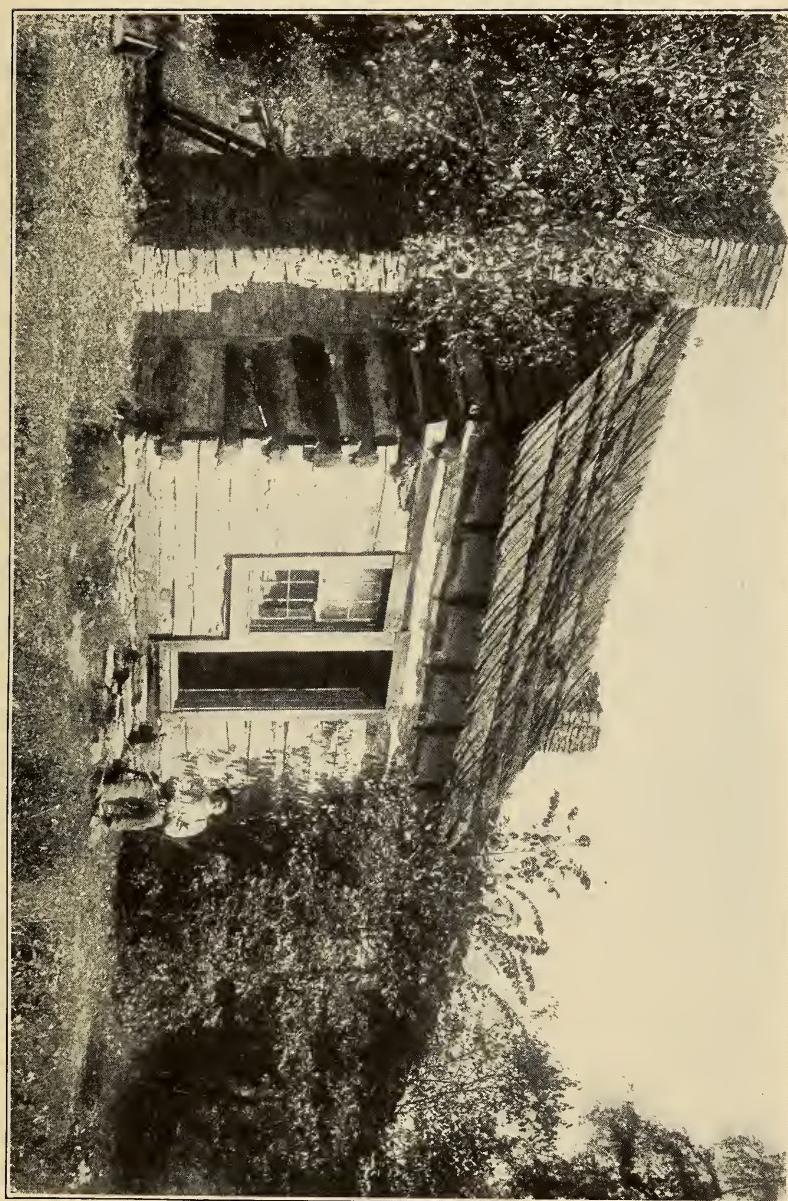
“OUT-HERE-WHERE”

MY HEART grew glad when I heard him say
His was the cabin of logs and clay;
His was this haven of trees grown rare,
Known to him only as “Out-here-where.”
’Way out here where the road winds by,
Merging its trail with the western sky.
What other name could a wildwood bear
Dearer or sweeter than “Out-here-where”?

“Out-here-where!” What a wonderful spot
Just for a home, though an humble cot,
Out here where Time’s fleeting hours
Blend their flight with trees and flowers.
Here where the morns and noontides lay
Sun-kissed tithes on the shrine of Day.
Here where the fireflies nightly fare,
Brightening an old man’s “Out-here-where.”

“OUT-HERE-WHERE”

Why do men labor for more than this?
Where has God's goodness such emphasis?
Here where the fields meet normal needs,
Here where the soul disdains all creeds.
Out in the open where men may see
All that an Eden might hope to be.
Heavens I dream of are not more fair,
Dear old man, than your “Out-here-where”!



BUD LYSTER

A BARBER WHO DIED BEFORE HE WANTED TO

WHEN first we heard old Bud was dead,
It wasn't what th' grown-ups said
That made th' thing seem doubly sad—
What got us all to feelin' bad
Was what th' little kids would say
When they was told he'd passed away,
Fer Bud, in fact, was what you'd call
A kind of pardner of them all.

Th' kids, somehow, all joyed to stop
In front of Hughie's barber shop
An' ketch Bud cuttin' some one's hair,
Then they'd stand 'round a-grinnin' there
Till he'd stop work an' say he bet
He'd haf to cut their ears off yet.
Then they'd all laugh an' scream an' run
Like they don't know he's all in fun.

BUD LYSTER

Poor Bud is dead! Well, I can't see
What use in Heaven Bud can be
When us folks need him so down here
To drown our worries with his cheer.
'Course Bud was not a pious chap—
He'd smoke an' chew an' cuss an' scrap,
But all his faults, folks allus said,
Got down no deeper than his head.

An' oh, how glad Bud was to live!
To smile an' joke an' go an' give;
You'd start a-laughin' when he'd say:
"I heard a bran' new tale to-day."
An' Bud is dead! Well, I'll just bet
If Bud had choice he'd be here yet,
Fer Bud was allus gladdest when
He played with kids an' joked with men!

BLOSSOMTIME IN TOWN

WHEN Spring, the Princess Magic, blends
her April sun and rain
To breathe a bud-tint border for the orchard path
and lane,
Then legion hearts find longing for the country—
but for me
There's something more entrancing in her city wizardry.

The blossoms of the country are, by law of Nature,
born
To preface Summer's pageantry of waving wheat
and corn,
But here — here in the city — with its gray, unfriendly walls,
A tree aglow with blossoms is a vision that enthralled.



BLOSSOMTIME IN TOWN

Across yon barren alley looms, in garb of filmy white,
A tree whose boughs some fairy must have altered in a night,
While 'round the corner, half concealed, as if from view to shrink,
Another blossom-débutante reveals herself in pink.

Now, in a street where children play, I feel new longings rouse—
They're playing gipsy underneath a tent of lace-bloom boughs.
Ah, childhood of the city streets, what joys are showered down,
For we are children — all of us — when Blossom-time's in Town!

THE THREE FLAGS

A SMALL service flag, with its symbol of blue,
Came out of a window — the conflict was
through!

A glad mother smiled as she folded it, too;
Rejoiced that it all was done.

Her boy had come home from the furies of France,
His soul still aflame with that final advance;
He was strong, he was brave—she could see at a
glance

Why France and her allies won.

She kissed the loved emblem and laid it away
With treasures held sacred for many's the day,
Then prayed that a relic it ever would stay
Andadden her heart no more.

Through months that were ages that little blue star
Had bound her lone heart to a soldier's afar,
But now he'd come back without even a scar—

Her boy as he was of yore.

THE THREE FLAGS

In the house next door is another small flag
Whose loyal blue star sees the weary months drag
As it waits for a boy and his old duffel-bag
To come from a foreign clime.

The little star knows there is work he must do,
That, deep in his heart, he is wishing were through,
For then he'd come home—as he's hungering to—
But he must abide his time.

Each day a fond mother scans papers and mail
For tidings of ships that are listed to sail—
For one that shall turn him the glad homeward trail
To her and his service star.

They'll harken to all of the tales he will tell,
Of comrades who conquered and others who fell;
But he has come out of it, honored and well,
And oh, how happy they are!

* * *

But, on up the street, by a cottage grown old,
A passer-by pauses that he may behold
Another small flag—one emblazoned with gold!—
The star of a martyr-son!

THE THREE FLAGS

A woman peeps out from the curtains to see
Whose pity is hers—though she asks none—not she!
Her boy was a soldier—a soldier she'll be
Till Heaven shall make them one.

Her grief, at first bitter, long forerun by dread,
Reveals him now living, though named with the
dead.

When tears seek a conquest, she whispers instead
His name—as a mother can.

How proudly she sees him go forth to the fray,
No quarter for foes of a breed such as they;
He died like a soldier—she reared him that way—
A soldier! A son! A man!

CHUCK A LITTLE CHUCKLE

UNCLE HAPPY OFFERS SOME EARLY-IN-THE-YEAR PHILOSOPHY

EF YO' wants to git de new yeah
Kind o' stalited on its way
So's de track won't be all bumpy
An' de crossties show decay,
Yo' has got to use some chuckles
As a ballast fo' de ties,
Ef yo's gwine to keep de roadbed
Free frum wreck-perducin' sighs.
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Sighs is mighty queer devices,
Made o' nothin', yo' might say,
Still dey cause a lot o' trouble
When dey once git undah way.
Staht frum nowhah, yit dey trabel



CHUCK A LITTLE CHUCKLE

Lak a cloud across de skies,
An' dey's mighty fond o' growin',
Dat's de reason Ah advise:
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Funny thing erbout a chuckle—
 It des kind o' oozes in
Whah de sighs is makin' trouble—
 Den yo' feels de fun begin!
Mistah Sigh he kind o' grumbles,
 Mistah Chuckle act su'prise',
Den, fus' thing yo' know, ole Trouble
 Gits a swat betwix' de eyes!
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

Chuckles, when dey gits to goin',
 Sho' 'nough gib ole sighs de gaff,
Keep a-dancin' an' a-prancin'
 Till dey bus' out in a laugh.

CHUCK A LITTLE CHUCKLE

Den dey spreads, des lak de measles,
An' dey grows so big in size
Dat de whole worl' gits de symptoms,
Which am why Ah advahtise :
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle,
 Chuck a little chuckle in yo' sighs.

ALLEY GOLF

SWELL golfers has brassies an' drivers an'
cleeks,

But never can play till dey've practised fer weeks;
You hears 'em yell "Fore!" w'en dey're drivin' de
ball,

W'ich strikes me as kinfolks to no game at all.

Dey "tee up" an' "stance" an' have all kinds o'
"form,"

An' all kinds o' sweaters to keep deirselves warm;
Dey's got to have caddies to hunt fer de pill
Dat goes in de crick 'stead of over de hill.

Dat's swell stuff—yeh, maybe—an' maybe it ain't—
If I had to play it I'd fall in a faint!

De real game is alley golf—shinny, dat's right—
It starts wit' a tin can an' ends wit' a fight.

ALLEY GOLF

Dere's none o' dat "Fore!" stuff as ever I've seen—
You duck yer old nut er git cracked on de bean!
You've got to squint fast w'en old shinny begins
Er go git a doctor to sew up yer shins.

A broomstick's yer brassie an' driver an' cleek,
W'ich sure can make strawberries grow on yer beak;
Just one little wallop can make yer old eye
Believe it's been smeared wit' a blackberry pie.

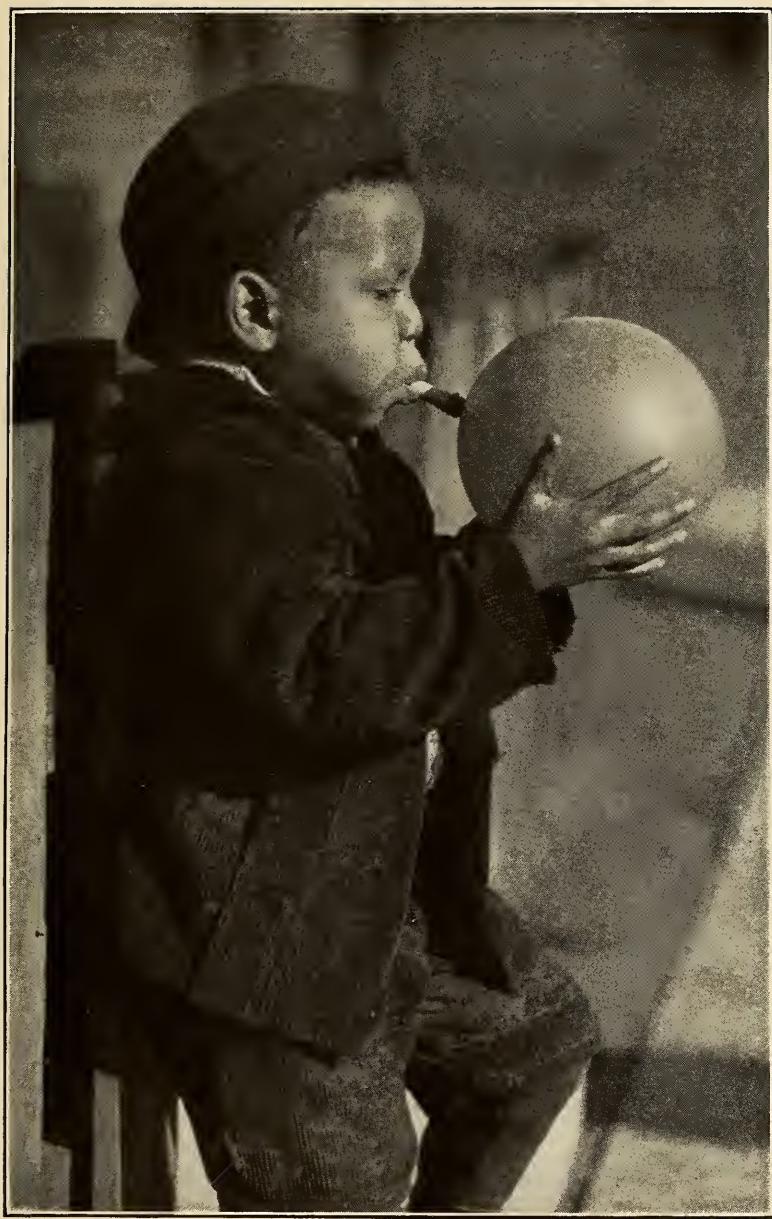
Dat's sport—not no parlor ner ladylike stuff—
It cuts out de babies dat's skeered to be rough;
An', oh, w'en you've cracked dat old can a real jar
You feels like a man—an' dat's dis w'at I are!

LI'L BOY BLEW

FOLKS dey done nickname him Li'l Boy Blew,
'Count o' de blowin' dat li'l boy do.
'Count o' de way he—nights, mawnin's an' noons—
Stan' 'roun' de cawnah an' blow up b'loons.
Tickles me wild when dat cute li'l cuss
Puff up his jaw till he mighty nigh bus'.

Minnit dat young'un gits hold ob a cent
He ain't gwine res' till dat money's all spent.
Off to de sto' he goes, lickety-split,
Knowin' ezzac'ly whut he gwine to git.
Sto' man he knows whut he want to git, too—
My, ain't he ticklesome—Li'l Boy Blew?

Dah he is now, standin' front ob his do'—
Look lak de mumps done'n bit him fo' sho'.
Doan' see a soul dat goes passin' him by,
Des dat b'loon am de joy ob his eye!
Blow, blow an' blow till it's big as his haid—
Blow hisse'f up yet, dat's whut Ah'm afraid.



LI'L BOY BLEW

Still, he ain't selfish, dis Li'l Boy Blew;
He doan' git mad when he loses a few.
Ef one gits loose an' goes floatin' away,
Yo' all should heah whut dat li'l boy say.
He say he 'spec' de b'loon got a clew
A' angel felt playful—so up dah it flew!

THRASHING-TIME AT GRANNY'S

TO-DAY Youth's pleasures, one by one, are marching back to me,

Each bringing some new memory of days that used to be.

I dream them over—yes, and smile as they go trooping by,

Yet in my heart one lone regret is anchored to a sigh;

Just one dear honest longing which no pretense can destroy—

It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a boy.

To-day through grown-up eyes I saw glad children hurry by

To get to Granny's, where the dust of oat-chaff filled the sky.

THRASHING-TIME AT GRANNY'S

I heard the engine's low-toned song, the thrasher's
busy roar,
While women hurried in and out old Granny's
kitchen door.
I knew their mission was to make the noontide hour
a joy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a
boy.

To-day around the new-made stacks the boys chase
old dog Jim,
The girls are weaving chains of straw to please each
girlish whim;
The men, though toiling steadily, pause now and
then to jest,
Or hurl good-natured badinage at lovers self-con-
fessed.
Ah, truly 'tis a picture which some artist might em-
ploy—
It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'd like to be a
boy.

THRASHING-TIME AT GRANNY'S

To-day Youth's pleasures, one by one, are marching
back to me,

Each bringing some new memory of days that used
to be.

I've bound them all in brotherhood with purpose
just to say

We're holding a reunion here at Granny's house to-
day.

To-day I'm Youth's adopted child and harvesting
its joy—

It's thrashing-time at Granny's and I'm acting like a
boy!

THE TIE THAT BINDS

WHAT man or woman well endowed
With heart-warmth, kindly and
humane,
But feels the bond of common cause
With childhood in the pangs of pain?

A bandaged head, a rag-bound toe,
Seem Satan's emblems well designed
To mark some sad, ill-omened hour
When cuticle was left behind.

You well remember, don't you, pal,
Our enemies of barefoot days—
The sidewalk's warped, uneven boards
With nails protruding forty ways?

In summertime, deep in the creek,
For winter's fun we paid full price—
Who would have dreamed our feet would find
Old shinny cans left on the ice?



THE TIE THAT BINDS

And, strange, too, how we liked to play
 Behind some old back-alley shed,
Where broken bottles cut your feet
 Or low-hung rafters bumped my head.

With rags from ready shirt tails torn
 Each bound the other's bleeding form;
Each sob brought pity and a pledge
 Of comradeship sincere and warm.

It was our sorrows, not our joys,
 That led us into chumship's way—
The rags and tears of sore-toe years
 Made us the friends we are to-day!

COME, SWEET APRIL, COME!

DEY'S des one song dat's in ma soul,
Come, sweet April, come !
Ma back's 'bout broke f'm shubblin' coal,
 Come, sweet April, come !
Ma back's 'bout broke f'm shubblin' snow,
Ah crave dat Wintah soon will go ;
Doggone dis doggone ten below—
 Come, sweet April, come !

Ah goes to bed at night an' prays,
 Come, sweet April, come !
Ah prays dat prayer 'bout forty ways,
 Come, sweet April, come !
Ah'd spend de whole night on ma knees
Fo' des one gentle, soothin' breeze ;
Yit all Ah git am Wintah's wheeze—
 Come, sweet April, come !

COME, SWEET APRIL, COME!

De wind it blow, de snow it fly,
 Come, sweet April, come!
De sleet done bus' yo' in de eye,
 Come, sweet April, come!
De mo' yo' sigh, de mo' it blow;
De mo' yo' cuss, de mo' it snow—
Sweet Springtime, come an' nevalh go,
 Come, sweet April, come!

All Ah kin do am sit an' wait,
 Come, sweet April, come!
Kain't even cut ma catfish bait,
 Come, sweet April, come!
Dey's des one day Ah longs to greet—
Dat's when ma po' ole fros'-bit feet
Kin pattah down some sun-baked street—
 Come, sweet April, come!

SAINT HAPPY

'TAIN'T allus preachin' clo'es 'at makes a preacher, I declare,
Like wearin' undertaker ties an' havin' wavy hair.
It's what's inside yer heart 'at counts in uppercuttin' sin,

An' right there's where Saint Happy gits his gospel wallops in.

He ain't no Billy Sunday, poundin' pulpits with his fist—

It's what he does 'at makes us kids call him a 'vangelist.

Old Happy keeps a newsstand up around th' Court-house Square;

The sidewalk's his cathedral an' he acts his sermons there.

His congregation's pigeons! An' I guess you'll understand

When I tell you they eat manna out of old Saint Happy's hand.

SAINT HAPPY

They flock an' flutter 'round him like as if he was a
saint—

An' I'd 'joy to see somebody try to tell them birds
he ain't!

But pigeons ain't th' only ones that Happy holds in
heart;

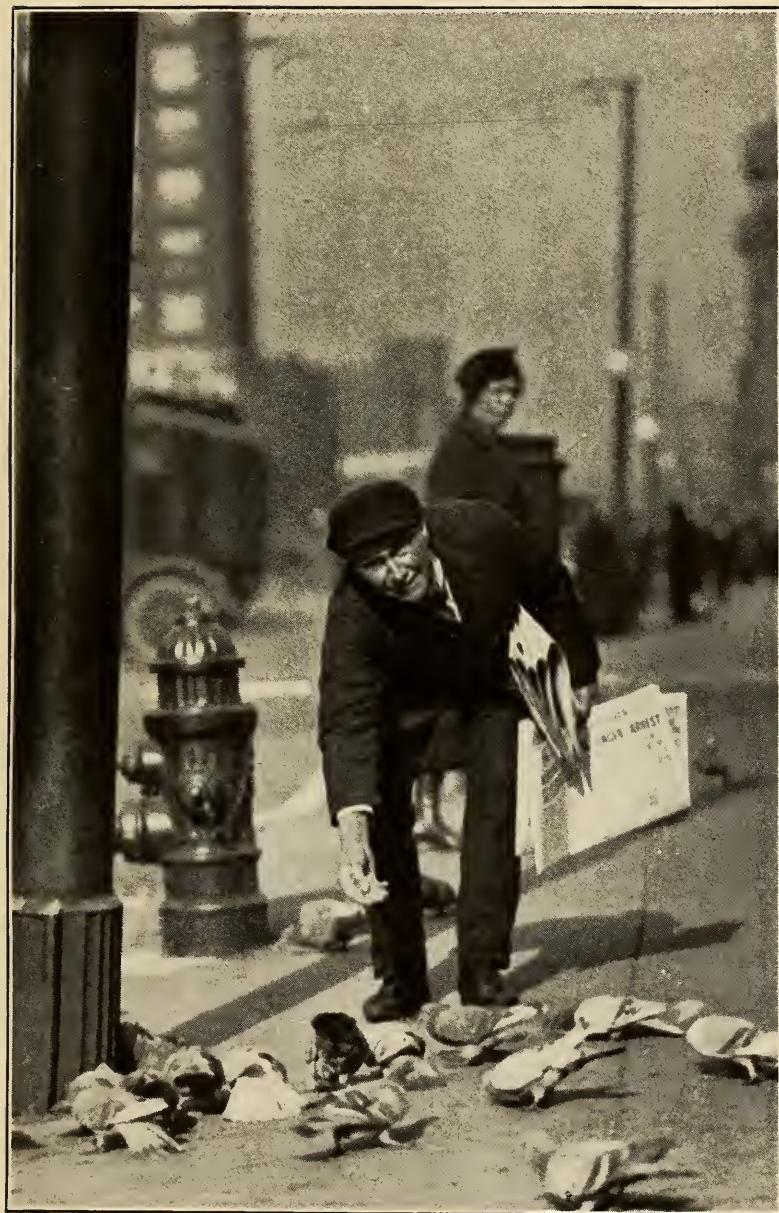
He's made a lot o' humans pledge to do a better
part.

There's me, fer instance—say, I'd been as selfish as
could be

Till good old Happy come along an' put some soul
in me.

I thought about good deeds to do to wake my con-
science up—

Then went an' stole a wienie fer a little crippled
pup!



THE DAY—NOVEMBER 11, 1918

IT CAME to us in the age-old way,
Born of the dark and a mist of gray;
Born of the dawn and the moonset, too,
Yet, O what a day it was to you!
And O what a day it was to me—
To all of the world from War set free!

It came to us with a burst of sun
That shelled the clouds with long-range gun.
It came from heaven, it came from—Well,
It came from everywhere but hell!
It made every heart catch tune and beat
Like drums of joy for our marching feet.

It swept us all in a surging throng,
A mighty Niagara of mirth and song;
It made all the old forget their years,
It made all our sighs enlarge to cheers;
It brought us no thought to boast or brag,
But O how it made us revere The Flag!

THE DAY—NOVEMBER 11, 1918

It made us to feel 'twas sweet to be
Clans in a country where men are free.
It made us all pledge anew to fight
The Mightman's menace of rule by might.
It banished "Der Tag," conceived in hate,
And gave us This Day to celebrate!

UNCLE DUD

UNCLE DUD! O Uncle Dud!
Neighbors ought to call you Bud,
Still, they find a lot o' joy
Tantalizin' such a boy.
Ask 'em where you got th' name
They just smile an' say: "It came
Like most other nicknames do—
'Cause it don't apply to you."

Yet, to me, th' Uncle part
Demonstrates a friendly heart.
Uncles allus seem to be
More like chums than kin to me.
When there's trouble you kin go
Tell your Uncle an' he'll know
Just th' thing to do or say
Sure to drive th' clouds away.



UNCLE DUD

Uncle, first time us two met
Was a day I'll not forget.
You was packin' water then
To a crew of thrashermen.
Thing that I most 'member best
Was th' way you'd steal a rest;
'Hind a shock, with puffed-out jaw,
Suckin' water through a straw.

Lordy, how I laughed to hear
Them there farm hands yelp an' jeer;
One he spoke right up an' cursed
'Count o' havin' such a thirst.
You—you didn't mind at all—
You'd just grin an' let 'em bawl.
There you set—you little elf—
Drinkin' all th' jug yourself!

“THIS WAY OUT”

I THINK I'm fairly rational
In all the things I do;
I go around like other folks,
And have glad days and blue.

I count my change at theaters,
I get off street-cars right;
Say “Please” and “Thanks” for everything
And call all children bright.

I eat potatoes with a fork,
I softly sip my soup;
I shy at equal suffrage talk
In singles or in group.

I never play with “deuces wild,”
I never cuss a cop;
When his hand bids me hesitate,
You bet your life I stop.

“THIS WAY OUT”

I like to go to movie shows,
I find the stage a joy;
I cry when they film “Hearts of Oak,”
And laugh with Eddie Foy.

I say I’m fairly rational
In all the things I do;
I go around like other folks,
I have glad days and blue.

But, tell me—tell me, friend of mine,
Ere I tear out my wool—
Why is it, when a door says “PUSH,”
I break my neck to “PULL”?

THE GO-FARS

U
S IS the Go-fars, us is,
'Count o' because you see
Us is three go-far trav'lers—
Buddy an' Sis an' Me.

Sis she hangs on a-hind me
Yet she's so awful small
No one can hardly see her—
Hands an' her foots is all!

It won't be right, I reckon,
Leavin' her home, 'cause she
Wants to see th' World herself—
Ist same as Bud an' Me.

First we go 'way up Yonder
Where at th' Commons lay;
No, we don't go clear to 'em—
'At's where th' Big Boys play.

THE GO-FARS

Nen we go past th' Alley,
Where at th' Ash Man's there—
Ash Man's ain't 'fraid o' nothin',
Ash Man's go ev'rywhere!

Next we go 'round th' Corner,
'Cept Buddy don't—'cause why
He can't see his house from there—
Gee, he's a skeerdy guy!

An' once we saw Policemens,
But we ain't skeered 'cause they
Says they likes little childerns—
We likes them, too, same way.

We've been 'bout ev'ry places
'Cept where th' Milkmen's meet;
We'd go there, too, but—golly!—
'At's 'way across th' Street!



VETERANS

ONE was a Yank in olive drab,
The other a Yank in blue;
One had fought in the years agone,
The other had just got through.
Both were men as we measure men—
Sturdy and brave and true—
But each had fought his own good fight
And each had different view.

One was young as we measure years,
The other was old and gray,
And one was sure that Argonne Wood
Was War's most crimson fray.
The other knew that Gettysburg
Made Argonne seem as play—
And who would urge that Flanders' fields
Ran red as Shiloh's clay?

VETERANS

Both had fought where the shrapnel spat,
And both had seen it kill,
But Youth told Age that Vimy Ridge
Made jest of Malvern Hill.
And Age told Youth no Pershing born
Could match old Fighting Phil,
Who made the ride to Winchester
And gave the Rebs their fill!

Both told tales of wearying nights
Cursed with a sleepless fag;
Both had fought in the valley deep
Or climbed the topmost crag.
And still they fight!—but not as then!—
To-day they jest and brag
And thank God for a comradeship
Beneath the self-same flag!

LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR AN' ME

LITTLE Girl Next Door an' Me
An' our ice man—all us three
Have big fun 'bout ever' day
In a little game we play.
Ice man comes an' 'tends 'at he
Ain't got eyes so he can see
Us two git some ice an' hide
When he's takin' ours inside.
It ain't stealin' 'cause he knows
Where th' pieces allus goes,
But it's never fun for us
'Less he makes a' awful fuss.

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
Waits behind our locus' tree
Till he comes to our house where
They's a ice card hangin' there.
Then he acts like he don't see
Little Girl Next Door an' Me,



LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR AN' ME

But he does, 'cause when he weighs
Ice fer us he allus lays
Pieces 'round fer us to git,
So's we'll run away with it.
Then he yells: "Well, jiminee!
Where you s'pose that ice can be?"

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
We don't ever disagree.
We ist play an' play an' play
Like real pardners ever' day.
First thing soon's we git some ice
Then I say it would be nice
If she'd go in her house where
Her ma's got some lemons there.
Yes, an' bring some sugar, too,
An' some water—then she's through.
Next thing then, out in th' shade,
I play makin' lemonade!

JULY JEALOUSY

DEAR friends an' neighbors, listen!
You've heard emerge from me
No loud-voiced lamentation
On how things ought to be.
But here's one point I'll argue,
An' win it, too, I'll add—
Us folks ain't got no mortgage
On all th' things that's glad.
Fer instance, you just answer
This question double quick!
Ain't cattle mighty lucky
That lives along a crick?

To-day, out in th' hay field,
Th' sun laid on th' lash;
I felt life all a burden—
An' then I heard a splash!
An', 'way across th' pasture,
A scene appeared to me

JULY JEALOUSY

Which brought th' thought that cattle
Is blessed with luxury.
My cows stood there a-splashin'
Th' water clear an' cool,
Whilst I, poor, strugglin' mortal,
Was workin' like a fool.

I toiled along an' pondered
My own unhappy lot;
Th' work seemed doubly harder,
Th' sun six times as hot.
I wiped th' oozin' moisture
From furries in my brow;
Then broke right out a-laughin'—
I was jealous of a cow!
Say, folks, in 'bout a minute
My nags was in their stall
An' I was in th' old crick, too,
A-splashin'—clo'es an' all!

CHRISTMAS GREENS

SING a song of the Christmas Greens
And sing of the man who goes
Swinging them o'er the merchant's door
And under the cynic's nose.
Hang them high in the window there,
Hang them low in the hallway bare,
Arch them over the house of prayer,
And down where the dead repose.

Love finds voice in the Christmas Greens,
In holly and spruce and fir;
In swains that go where the mistletoe
Hangs over the head of her.
Age forgets it is old and gray,
Feels the thrill of the smilax spray,
Sings and dances till dawn of day,
Though burden of years demur.

CHRISTMAS GREENS

God puts good in the Christmas Greens,
Their beauty new joy instills;
They make hearts glad instead of sad
And banish our human ills.
They bring a smile where once was blight,
They flood the soul with living light
Fair as the Star that shone that Night
In the far Judean hills.



HELPING MOTHER

EVER' day an' ever' day
Muvver she ist all time say
I are alsway in th' way—
Ever' day an' ever' day!

So, t'-day, I says to me:
Le's be good as I can be,
'Cause when I help muvver she
Gets along th' best wif me.

So I tooked myself an' goes
Where I'll 'prinkle wif th' hose,
But our girl she's hangin' clo'es
Where th' 'prinkle alsway goes.

'Nen she blamed it all on me
'Cause she put th' clo'es, you see,
Where th' 'prinkle ought to be—
Yes, an' told my ma on me!

HELPING MOTHER

Nex' fing 'nen I sweeped some dust,
'Cause I got to help or bu'st,
But th' girl she up an'—cussed!—
Ist 'cause I was sweepin' dust.

'Nen my muvver come an' say
Kisses is my workin' pay,
Now I got to go an' play—
'At's ist what my muvver say!

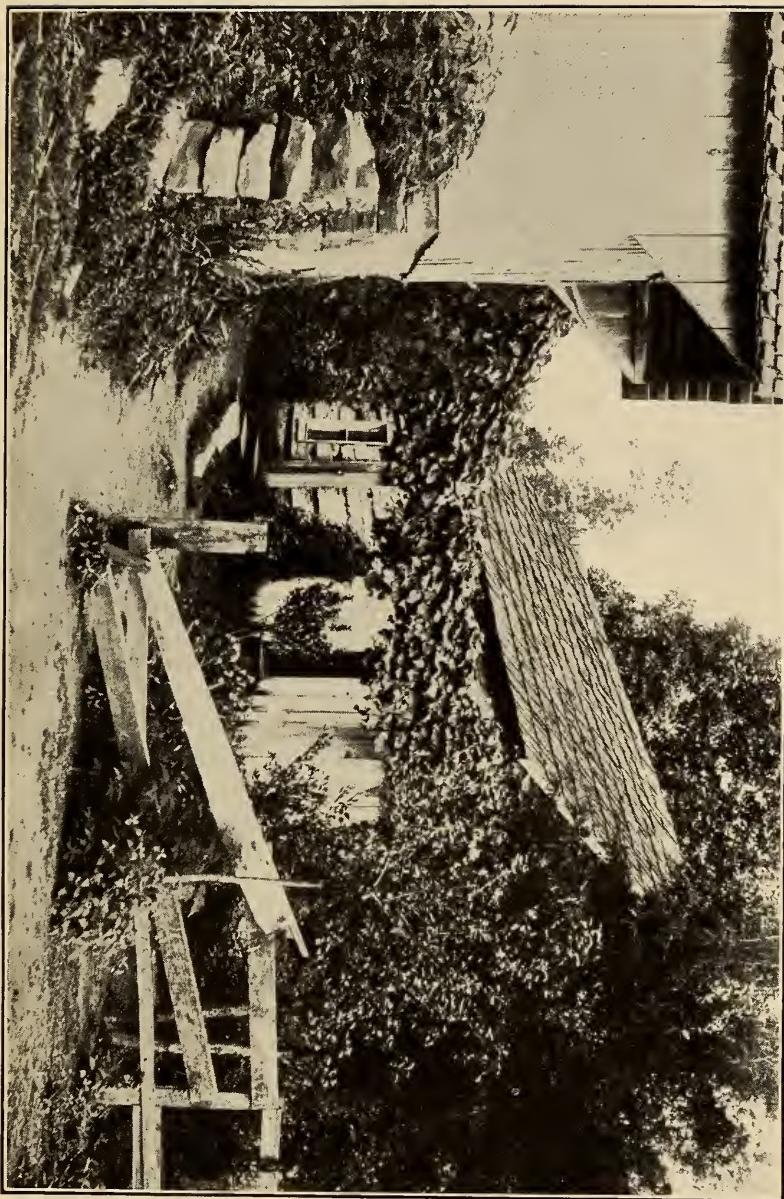
THE BACK WAY HOME

YES, you've prospered well, my brother,
Made your pile, as people say;
Made it while I've gone on dreaming—
Dreaming dreams and growing gray.

You've found joy in gaining riches,
I've just—well, I've loafed along,
Trusting luck to fill my larder
While I lingered with a song.

Still, one joy we have in common,
Sweeter, too, than gold can buy;
One you share in smiling balance
With a dreamer such as I.

That's the memory, O my brother,
Of the paths we used to roam;
Best of which, beyond forgetting,
Was the dear old Back Way Home.



THE BACK WAY HOME

I can see it now, my comrade,
 See the path our bare feet wore
Through the pasture and the orchard,
 Straightway to the kitchen door.

How we joyed in make-believing
 It was some far-reaching trail
At whose end were bold, bad bandits—
 Fancies born of some wild tale!

You remember, too, old crony,
 How the flowers along the way
Were to us a passing circus
 All bedecked in colors gay.

Oh, we had a thousand fancies,
 Sweet as honey in the comb,
You, the Earner, I, the Dreamer,
 Found along the Back Way Home!

THE SERVICE FLAG

DEAR little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
“I am the voice of a soldier-son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

“I am the flag of The Service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

THE SERVICE FLAG

“I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives
To save from sacrifice other men’s wives.

“I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother’s son
And won’t come down till the victory’s won.”

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman’s prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

CHILDHOOD KNOWS NO RACE OR CREED

IN PEACE they sat—the three of them—
A White, a Black, a Dog;

No creed or cult, no walls of race,
To bias or befog.

The sunshine beamed on all alike

In dreamy, drowsy bliss;
It, too, was free from cult or creed
And racial prejudice.

The Dog was pal to White and Black,
Its heart was ever glad

When from a hand of either hue
A loving stroke was had.

The three thus dwelt in comradeship,
Unknowing that the days
Were not far distant when their feet
Would take divergent ways.

CHILDHOOD KNOWS NO RACE OR CREED

They cared not how each other lived,
 In cot or house of stone;
The Dog, with lordly manner, ruled
 A soap box all his own.
To them the world was one long Street,
 The Yard, the Steps, the Door—
A sunny zone of play-content,
 And who could ask for more?

But race and creed have never lost
 Their mastery of men;
Some day this comradeship must die
 And never live again.
I wish that I might understand,
 With all our other sin,
Why childhood must succumb to creed
 And hate of race begin.



MAYTIME ON MUSCATATUCK

MAYTIME on Muscatatuck!
Folks, that's 'zactly when
You won't find me lingerin'
 'Round th' haunts of men.
You won't ketch me argyin'
 Who I'd like to see,
President er Governor—
 Just so it ain't me.
All I want's a hook and line,
 Bait an' lots o' luck;
Sunshine an' my truest friend,
 Old Muscatatuck!

Maytime on Muscatatuck!
 Sun ain't out o' bed
'Fore I've got my britches on,
 Old hat on my head;

MAYTIME ON MUSCATATUCK

Old shoes, too, fer I contend
 Fishin' ain't a joy
'Less you git all walleder up
 Like you wuz a boy.
Maybe slip down off a rock
 Lookin' up to see
Where that blamed woodpecker's at,
 Drummin' on a tree.

Maytime on Muscatatuck !
 Ever' now an' then
Some bird-op'ry's busted up
 By a jay er wren.
Makes you half-way mad, an' yit
 You can't help but smile
At th' way them outlaws has
 Showin' off their style.
Git your mind on them an'—law!—
 While your 'tention's drawn,
Catfish banquets on your bait,
 Then he's out an' gone!

MAYTIME ON MUSCATATUCK

Maytime on Muscatatuck!
Folks, I don't suppose
Half th' world has ever heard
 Where its water flows.
Fact is, I don't know myself
 What its name implies,
Still I know Muscatatuck
 Soothes an' satisfies.
Guess some happy Indian
 Must have named it that,
Thinkin' it to mean a place
 Angels picnic at.

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AIN'T GOD GOOD TO INDIANA?

AIN'T God good to Indiana?
Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
 Till, sometime, he ups an' goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
 Than he has right here at home,
Where there's sunshine in th' clover
 An' there's honey in th' comb;
Where th' ripples on th' river
 Kind o' chuckle as they flow—
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
 Seems to me He has a way
Gittin' me all out o' humor
 Just to see how long I'll stay
When I git th' gipsy-feelin'
 That I'd like to find a spot

AIN'T GOD GOOD TO INDIANA?

Where th' clouds ain't quite so restless,
Or th' sun don't shine as hot.
But, I don't git far, I'll tell you,
Till I'm whisp'rin' soft an' low :
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
In th' Hoosier sky an' air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
Like a mother gives a child;
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' Joys o' Heaven
Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?



FELLER AND KID AND GUY

THERE are those who turn rhythmical
phrases
That merge into lyrics of joy,
But none have such heart-warming phases
As those on the lips of a boy.
The boy-brogue's a language progressive,
Revised as new meanings apply,
For Kid is as grandly impressive
As those who are Feller and Guy.

A Guy is just simply a Feller,
A Feller is simply a Guy—
A Boy was some mythical dweller
Who lived here in ages gone by.
But, ah, there's a touch of affection,
A soul-warmth no churl could deny,
When Kids give their words an inflection
That mean "He's my pal," to a Guy.

FELLER AND KID AND GUY

Though down by the river together,
Or plunged in a hot game of ball,
They're heart-happy birds of a feather;
Their names?—that's no matter at all!
One's Kid and another is Feller,
The third—he is simply the Guy—
For Boy was a mythical dweller
Who lived here in ages gone by.

TWINS IS TWINS

TWINS is 'bout th' sweetest things
Lord A'mighty ever brings,
Still, they're odd as they kin be,
'Least that's how they seem to me.

You kain't never tell, in fact,
Just how twins is goin' to act;
Yet you'd think they'd do an' say
Twin things 'cause they're borned that way.

Pair o' twins I know 'at does
Queerest things 'at ever wuz;
Mebbe one will want to play—
Other'n don't feel thataway!

Then, by heck, first thing you know,
Off to play you'll see 'em go;
Runnin' out an' runnin' in
Like folks should 'at's next of kin.



TWINS IS TWINS

Next thing one will start to squall,
Other'n—mebbe—won't at all.
Still, I ain't a-goin' to bet
They won't yelp a twin duet.

Us men laughs an' says them two
Change their minds like women do.
Then th' women says: "Tain't strange—
Men ain't got no minds to change!"

Oh, them two twins sure creates
Lots o' neighborhood debates,
But you kain't tell how—in fact—
Twins an' women's goin' to act!

THE MILLERSVILLE CYCLE PATH

THE creek looked up to greet me,
The trees swung down to meet me;
The day seemed tuned to treat me
To Autumn's rarest hues.
But now my gaze diverted
Along the path that skirted
This woodland realm deserted—
This tempter of the muse.

The path—was it the byway
I cherished once as my way
When, from the dusty highway,
I sought a cool retreat?
Ah, yes, it was the old one,
The cycled and the strolled one;
The happy, paved-with-gold one
Where lovers used to meet.

THE MILLERSVILLE CYCLE PATH

Then soon my dreams were bringing
The old days back—the singing,
And lines of cycles stringing
 Along the wooded shore.
But time its toll has taken—
The old path now forsaken
Serves only to awaken
 Dream-memories of yore.

THE KING WALKED IN HIS GARDEN

THE King walked in his garden
I saw him there to-day,
Amid his phlox and four o'clocks
And sweet petunias gay.

He wore his royal rompers,
His royal straw hat, too,
And all the plants of circumstance
Were in his retinue.

The King was proud and haughty,
He strode in strutting style,
Which made the pinks cast furtive winks
And all the zinnias smile.

He bade the proud nasturtiums
Bow low as he passed by;
His manner bluffed the candy tuft
And made the poppies sigh.

THE KING WALKED IN HIS GARDEN

“The King is changed this morning,”
The ragged robins said.
“We’ve never seen his kingly mien
All center in his head!”

At last the bold verbenas
Made up their minds to know
What lofty thing had caused their King
To change his manner so.

They boldly asked the reason,
Then he began to prance.
“Why you should see,” he said with glee,
“I’m got my firstest pants!”



LITTLE LADY JUNETIME

LITTLE Lady Junetime,
Sweet and debonair,
Queen of park and playground,
Welcome everywhere!
Clad in gowns of dainty hue,
Pink and white and red and blue—
All the world's in love with you,
Lady Junetime fair.

Little Lady Junetime
Fickle-time is here;
Something like the measles—
Prevalent each year!
With a love that will not down
Everybody wants to crown
Every little girl in town
Lady Junetime dear!

HOW YO' ALL SPELL MARIE?

AH'S bought ma gal a valentine,
Yes, ma'am, ma fi-an-cee !
It sho' will be one big su'prise,
But heah's whut troubles me ;
—How yo' all spell Marie ?

Ah gits de money from some rags
Which Ah done sell to-day,
Den down Ah goes an' buys dis dream
Fo' ma sweet lady gay ;
—Yo' spell it how, yo' say ?

De valentine am full ob lub
An' pinks an' vi'lets, too,
Oh, she'll be des so crazy glad
She'll cry befo' she's thoo ;
—Dat name ! Whut will Ah do ?

HOW YO' ALL SPELL MARIE?

She libs des short ways up de street
An' Ah could hab some fun
By stickin' it down 'neaf de do',
Den ring de bell an' run;
—But she say: "Huh-uh, hon!"

She say she want it come by mail
Des lak de white gals do,
An' if dat pos'man pass her by
Den her an' me am thoo;
—Which sho' would make me blue.

So, come on, all yo' wisdom folks,
Come on an' he'p po' me.
Ah's got to mail dis valentine,
But—co'se—yo' know—yo' see
—How DOES yo' spell Marie?



THE LITTLE OLD EVERYTHING STORE

IF CHILDHOOD came back to me, sorrows and all,

And I could be just as of yore,
Somewhere in my world I am sure there would be
A Little Old Everything Store.

There's one on the corner just over the way
Where Youth and its pennies soon part,
Within it are lures of a thousand designs
To make us all spendthrifts at heart.

I watch baby faces peer up through the glass
Where dainties delicious abide,
I hear baby voices discuss what they'd buy
And how they would make the "divide."

Child-fortunes are never sufficient by half
To meet every fancied desire,
Their wants run from gumdrops to marbles and
tops,
Or monkeys that dance on a wire.

THE LITTLE OLD EVERYTHING STORE

It matters not what you may ask of the man
He'll find it somewhere in the place,
Though it may be earmuffs high up on the shelf,
Or catcher's mitts down in the case.

So, Childhood, come back to me, sorrows and all,
And let me be just as of yore,
But, most of all, give me as one of your joys
A Little Old Everything Store!

IT ISN'T ALONE THE SUMMERTIME

IT ISN'T alone the Summertime
That makes the Summer glad;
It isn't all trees and grasses green
Or rose bowers, glory-clad.

It isn't just corn in tassels gay,
Or fields of waving wheat
That bind us to the Summertime
In serfdom truly sweet.

It's the children—heaven bless them all!
The children, fancy free,
That make God's boundless out-of-doors
A happy place to be.

Though blossoms flood the garden walk
With fragrance sweet and rare,
They never seem one-half as sweet
Without the children there.



IT ISN'T ALONE THE SUMMERTIME

The orchard, too, seems glorified,
When from some friendly tree
A friendly baby face peeps forth
To grant a smile to me.

And sometimes, down along the shore,
Where quiet waters flow,
The children of the Summertime
Sing all the songs they know.

I guess when God made Summertime,
To make it doubly sweet
He turned the children out-of-doors,
Then called His work complete !

JUNEITIS

I'VE got Juneitis—got it bad!
I Baddest case I ever had!
Git up in th' mornin' blest
With a night of soothin' rest;
Tell myself I'm goin' to do
Work that's lagged th' summer through.
All I've got, at set of sun,
Is some fancy loafin' done.

Funny what June's symptoms is—
It's some kind of rheumatiz
Makes you limp in mind an' soul,
Though your feet an' body's whole.
Makes you feel a driftin' boat
Would be just th' antidote
Sure to cure you right offhand
Of your loathin' fer th' land.

JUNEITIS

Git a boat an' drift away—
Naw, you don't want that to-day!
What you want is lemonade
Mixed with drowsin' in th' shade.
Do you? Well, you mebbe don't—
Still, you'll never say you won't.
Fact is, when you're June all through
You don't know just what to do.

Yep, I've got Juneitis sure—
Too blamed tired to hunt a cure;
All I want is just to be
Left alone to loaf with me.
Down th' river, up th' shore,
Let me loll an' loaf an' snore.
Yep, I've got Juneitis—bad!
Crazy-tired an' crazy-glad.

LITTLE TOWN OF WHAT'S-ITS-NAME

LITTLE Town of What's-its-name !

You've been there I know ;

There's a Town of What's-its-name

Everywhere you go.

Sometimes on the mountaintop,

Sometimes in the plain ;

See it as you motor through,

See it from the train.

What's-its-name is always found

Set in rustic frame,

And you always, always say :

“Wonder what's its name ?”

Little Town of What's-its-name !

All are quite alike ;

Now and then they have a fire,

Never have a strike.

Now and then a baby's born,

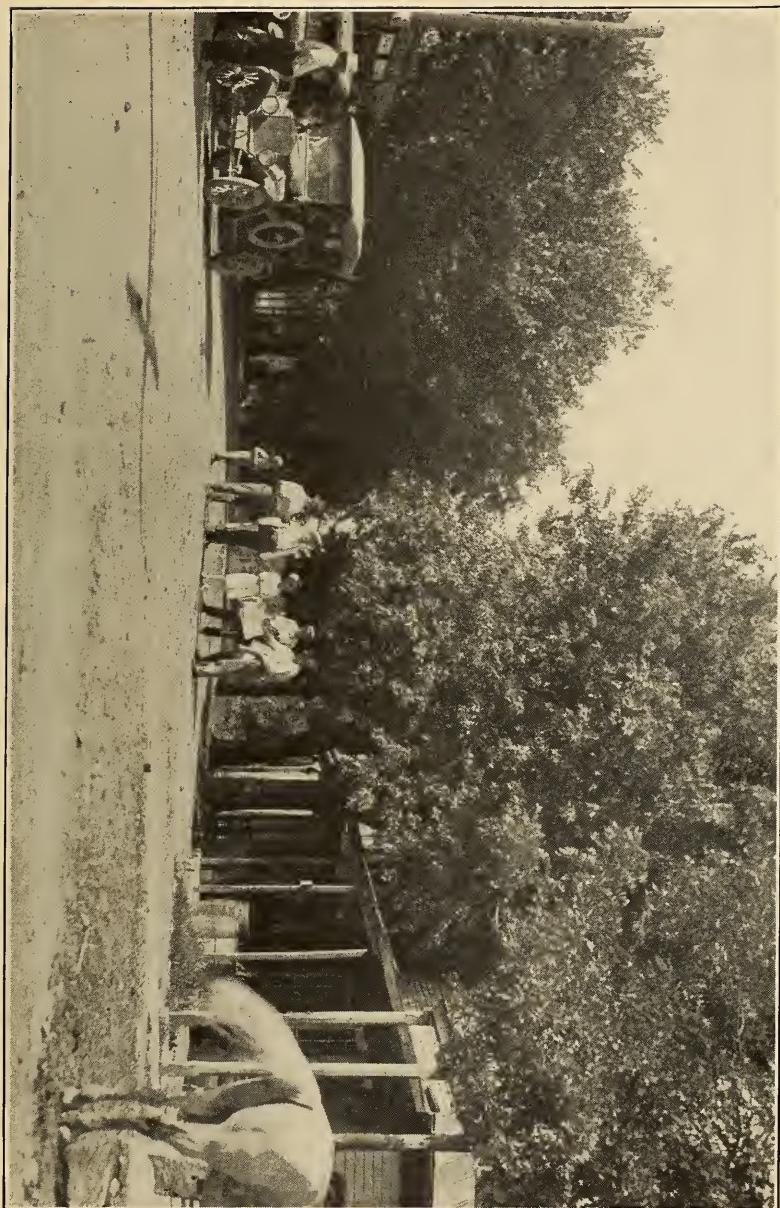
Then somebody dies ;

LITTLE TOWN OF WHAT'S-ITS-NAME

That is why old What's-its-name
Never grows in size.
Pictures in the albums, too,
Look about the same—
Fact is, things so seldom change
Here in What's-its-name.

Little Town of What's-its-name !
In the Weekly Call
Ladies' Aid proclaims a fete
At Odd Fellows' hall.
Sale bills decorate the trees,
You will find one, too,
Near the old post-office sign :
“Box Rent Now Is Due.”
Posters in the windows say
There's to be a game
Friday with the Liztown Reds :
Root for What's-its-name !

Little Town of What's-its-name !
Those who glibly run
Through your shaded thoroughfars
Miss a lot of fun.
You, like all the What's-its-names



LITTLE TOWN OF WHAT'S-ITS-NAME

Underneath the sky,
Glory in a sweet content
Money can not buy.
Let the cities have the gold,
Selfishness and fame;
You have mostly happiness,
Little What's-its-name.

THE LAND OF SUMMERGONE

ALL the winds that ride the river
Seemed in lonely mood to-day
As they searched each vagrant ripple
In a dazed, half-mournful way;
Searched the pathway through the forest,
Raced through summer's old retreats
Much as would a frantic mother
Seek her lost child in the streets.
Soon the winds, grown weary, rested
As a dew-shower at the dawn,
Then they sighed and said: "The campers—
Ah, at last they all are gone!"

Gone they were—the care-free campers
Who, through all the summer long,
Made the woodland ring with laughter,
Swept the river with their song.
Now the campground, lone and silent,
Grassless as Sahara's sand,

THE LAND OF SUMMERGONE

Holds the few discarded relics
 Of a gay, departed band.
Here a washpan, rust-enameled,
 There a mirror on a tree,
Proof that even care-free campers
 Cling to their gentility.

Over there Old Glory, faded,
 Limply lolls upon the breeze,
Comrade of a once gay lantern
 From the far-off Japanese.
There, beneath a tree, a hammock,
 Derelict beyond repair;
Broken chairs and broken dishes—
 Desolation everywhere!
But—our gratitude to heaven—
 Winter's snows must pass, and then
Comes a song along the river—
 And the tents go up again!

DE PALLET ON DE FLO'

DE TIME o' day Ah laks de bes'
Mo' bettah, folks, dan all de res',
Am when de chillun, frum deir play,
Come kin' o' lazin' in an' say
Ol' Drowsy Man he done'n drap
De hint dey'd bettah take a nap.

Dey rubs deir eyes, den gibs a yawn;
Dat's all Ah needs to know dey's gone,
Yes suh, dey's gone an' tol' Bo-Peep
He'll haf to fin' his own los' sheep,
Kase dey's got somethin' else to do—
Dat's drowsy-dream a' hour er two.

Fus' thing dem baby dahlin's know
Ah's made a pallet on de flo',
Den some one stahts a pillow fight,
But dey's too tahd to fuss it right.
Dey snuggles down an', purty soon,
Dey's dream-paradin' 'roun' de moon.

DE PALLET ON DE FLO'

Ah sit an' watch 'em whilst dey sleep
An' thank de Lawd dey's ours to keep.
Co'se we ain't got no pile, dat's true,
But whut we've got dey's welcome to.
An' dat's 'bout all dey is, I guess,
In pure ol' homemade happiness.



AN HUMBLE GRACE

ON DIS Thanksgibben day, O Lawd!
Des make our heahts to be
Full up wif love an' joy an' song
An' thankfulness to Thee.

Doan' let our earthly pride prevail,
Doan' let us go astray
F'm out de path ob righteousness
Into de errin' way.

Let our po' heahts sen' up a song
Ob gratitude an' love
Until de glory angel choir
Shall carol it above.

Des fill our souls wif humbleness
To make us take de view
Dat if we kain' hab turkey—den,
Pohk chops will hab to do!

LITTLE KID BROTHER OF MINE

YOU want an uproarious Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
Rockets that soar through the loft of the sky,
 Little Kid Brother of Mine.
Fiz-gigs, firecrackers and meteors, too,
Bombs that change night to a red, white and blue;
All a delight and a glory to you,
 Little Kid Brother of Mine.

You've never known a real Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
You've never seen a real meteor fly,
 Little Kid Brother of Mine.
You've never been where the enemy's shell
Changed the old Fourth to a militant hell—
Fireworks that murdered wherever it fell,
 Little Kid Brother of Mine.

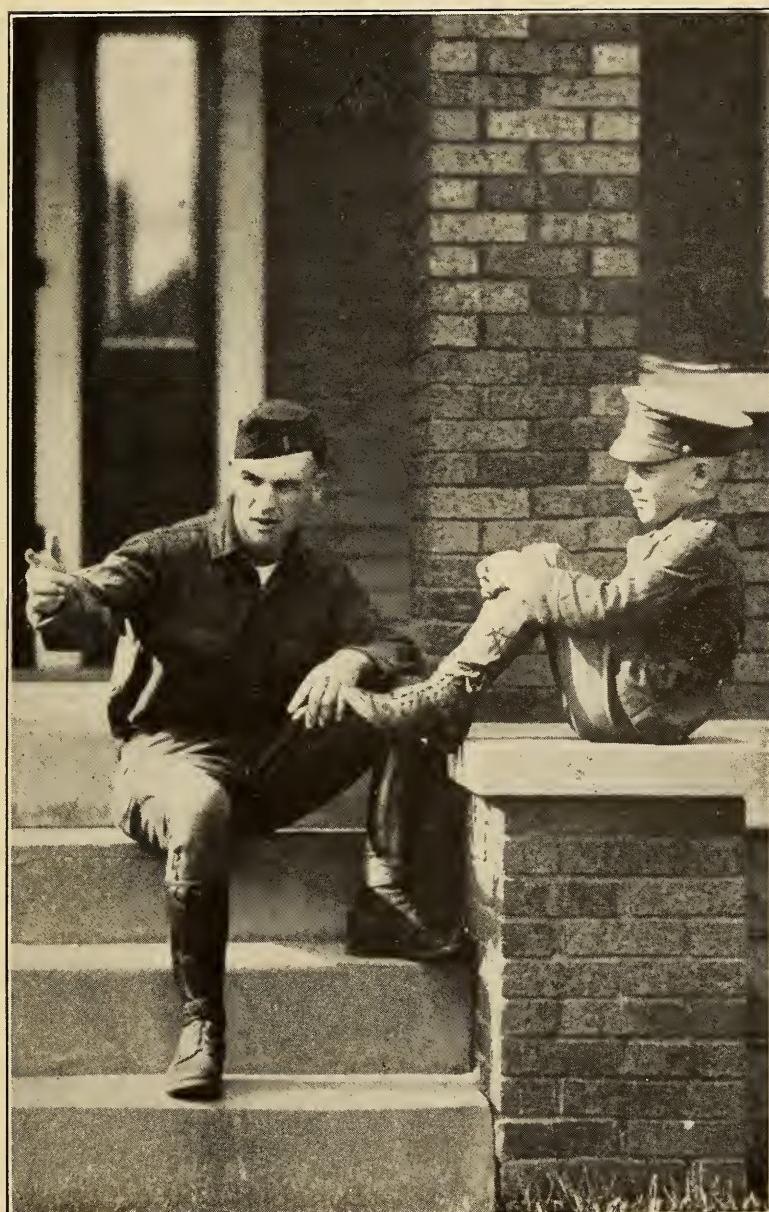
LITTLE KID BROTHER OF MINE

Well I remember one Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
Longing for calm were my comrades and I,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.

Forward we hurried through Belleau's dark wood,
Up to the line where the Hun legions stood;
Oh, how we walloped them—walloped them good!—
Little Kid Brother of Mine.

My thoughts were of you that Fourth of July,
Little Kid Brother of Mine;
You with toy-meteors lighting the sky,
Little Kid Brother of Mine.

Your only foes were the watchful police,
I hungered most for war's tumult to cease,
Then I'd get home to you—Comrade in Peace—
Little Kid Brother of Mine.



HUH-UH! NOT ME!

CO'SE Ah ain't sayin' Ah won't do
Des whut ma country want me to,
But dey's one job dat Ah fo'see
Ain't gwine to 'tach itself to me—
Huh-uh! Not me!

Dat's dis heah ahplane stuff—No, Boss,
Ah'll bah some othah kin' ob cross
Lak drive a mule, er tote a gun,
But Ah ain't flirtin' wif de sun—
Huh-uh! Not me!

If Ah mus' do a loop-de-loop
Let mine be 'roun' some chicken coop;
It ain't gwine be up whah de crows
Kin say Ah's trompin' on deir toes—
Huh-uh! Not me!

HUH-UH! NOT ME!

It sho' look sweet, Ah don't deny,
To be a-oozin' 'roun' de sky,
But dat's fo' folks dat's in de mood
To pass up love an' gin an' food—

Huh-uh! Not me!

Down heah Ah firs' saw light ob day,
Down heah am whah Ah's gwine t' stay;
Folks, Ah don't keer to hab ma feet
Git too blamed proud to walk de street—

Huh-uh! Not me!

So, Ah'll des wait till Gabr'el brings
Dem good ole-fashion' angel wings
Den, as Ah pass de ahplanes by,
In pity, Ah'll look down an' sigh—

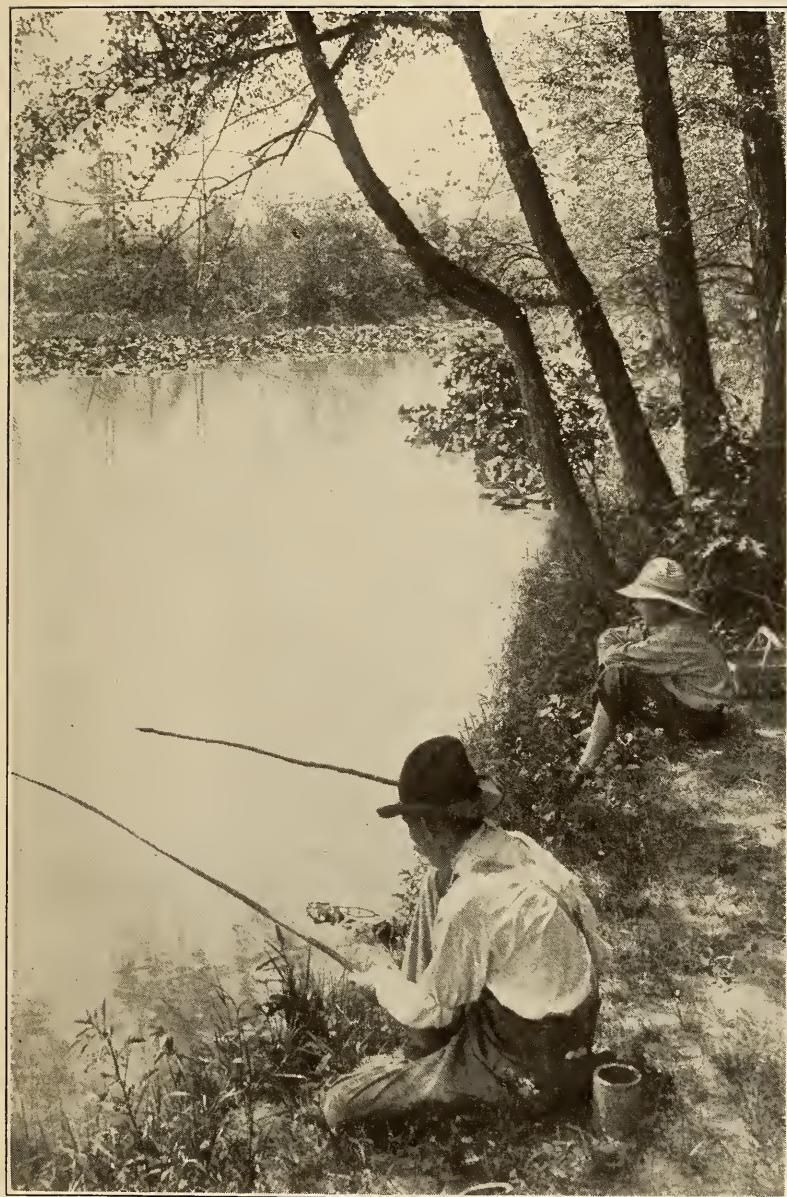
Huh-uh! Not me!

DOWN ON TH' CRICK WITH DADDY

DOWN on th' crick with Daddy!
That's what I call a joy;
Down where "Th' Bends"
Welcome as friends
Daddy an' me—his boy!

Oh, how I love th' mornin's
Daddy comes in to say:
"Buddy, come on,
We must be gone—
Fishin' is good to-day!"

Mother she fills th' basket,
It an' th' bait's my load
Then Dad can git
Fishpoles that's fit
Somewhere along th' road.



DOWN ON TH' CRICK WITH DADDY

Old crick it kind o' giggles
When us pals come in sight,
Waitin' to see
Which one will be
First one to git a bite.

Daddy he 'tends he's Jealous
When th' first bites my line;
Then I just say:
"Aw, naw, le's play
It's pardners—yours an' mine!"

THE WATCHMANETTE

O I HATE to hear ye, Dinny, say ye're vexed
av soul at me,

Thot me talk is almost papal in its high divinity.

Ye mustn't say that, Dinny, all because Oi take th'
stand

Th' female sex is getting' too ambitious in th' land.
Oi only say Oi'm hurted whin Oi cross th' thrack
an' see

A woman playin' flagman where McKenna used to
be!

'Twas just to-day, whoile strollin' up th' ould famil-
iar thrack,

Me moind on twinty years ago—an' maybe furder
back—

Oi thought av you an' Kelly, av O'Dowd an' Danny
Quayle—

A betther set av optics never squinted down a rail;

THE WATCHMANETTE

A betther set of min, Oi'll say, has niver clenched a
fist,

An' we'll not forget McKenna whin we're makin'
out th' list.

But thot's th' bygones, Dinny, an' th' thought Oi
would convey

Is it hurted me tremenjous whin Oi saw her there
to-day.

She didn't wave McKenna's flag—that's far too out
o' date!—

Instead she held a "Stop!" sign up whin she would
have ye wait.

An', Dinny man, her shanty is as nate as anny pin—
There's not a box in all th' place t' knock yer ashes
in!

Th' poor ould sthove ain't freckled as it once was
anny more—

There's no gang sittin' spittin' an' a missin' av th'
door!

THE WATCHMANETTE

She's what they call a Watchmanette — whatever
thot may be—

An' still Oi can't be bitter, for she sure was good
to me.

Ye see Oi stood there dreamin' av th' happy days
thot were

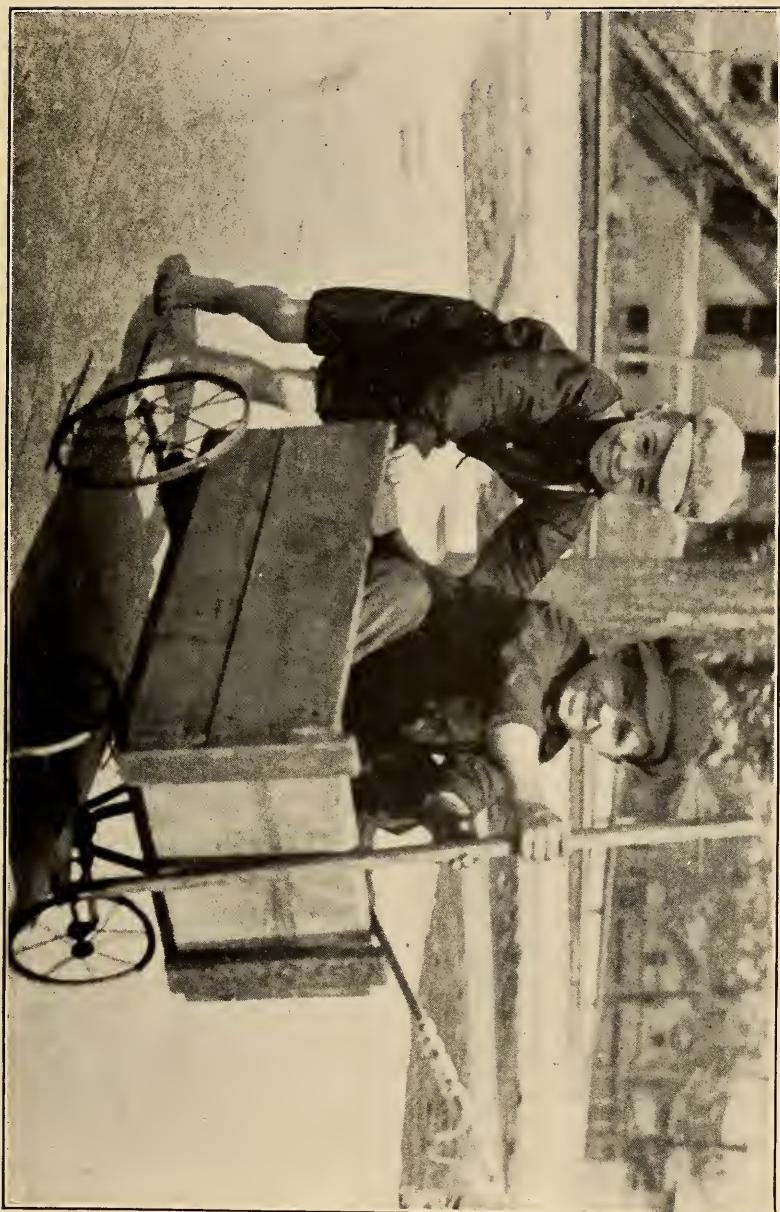
An' th' Fasht Mail would a-hit me—if hadn't been
for her!

THE OLD HOMEMADE WAGON

THERE came 'round the corner a boy-propelled wagon,
A homely creation of woodshed design,
And soon I was drinking from Memory's flagon,
Imbued with a fancy the wagon was mine.
I once owned one like it—why should I not claim
it?—

Though mine was a treasure of decades ago;
In all of its outlines, its body and frame it
Resembled the wagon I once cherished so.
The pine-shoebox wagon, the wabbly-wheeled
wagon,
The old homemade wagon I had long ago.

How happy I was when my pals, Red and Humpy,
Would join me on Saturday back in our shed,
Where each would declare me both selfish and
grumpy
If I drove the nails in the wagon's new bed.



THE OLD HOMEMADE WAGON

But apples and cakes from the kitchen appeased
them,

The bulliest bribe I had means to bestow.

They then found the axles, sandpapered and greased
them,

And called it "Our" wagon—a name apropos—
The woodshed-made wagon, the lopsided wagon,

The soft-soap-greased wagon we built long ago.

The wheels of this wagon and mine greatly vary,

For Time and Invention no man can retard;

These issued from metal, my own were of cherry,

All hewn from a tree that once grew in our yard.

Still, why make distinctions? Boycraft may be
changing,

But boy hearts with chumship forever will glow.

They're always "in pardners," promoting, arrang-
ing,

To build a new wagon!—like ours was, you
know.

The cherry-wheeled wagon, the "pardnership"
wagon,

The heart-cherished wagon we built long ago.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SILENCES

SWEET Soldier of the Silences! You who, in
garb of white,
Wage war's retrieving battles through the watches
of the night;
You who, from Lens and Verdun, bring our bullet-
battered men
To feel the magic of your touch and make them
whole again;
In you we lay a master-faith and pledge that faith
anew
As each day makes more glorious the martyrdom of
you.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! You've left your all
behind
To make the sad become the glad; to comfort,
soothe and bind.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SILENCES

While others calmly slumber you must ever be alert
To catch the slightest murmur that reveals a restless
hurt.

How calm you are in trying hours, how glad you
are to share
Another's pain and with your smile make pain less
hard to bear.

Sweet Soldier of the Silences! Adown the long
white aisle

You tiptoe all unmindfully of hour or day or mile;
A bandage here, a tuck-in there, a drink, a touch of
hand

That only soldiers such as ours have soul to under-
stand.

Your Red Cross emblem they'll defend through
stress of time and tide;

It is God's goodness manifest—Old Glory sancti-
fied!

A DISSERTATION ON LICKRISH

"LICKRISH is as lickrish does!"

L Truer sayin' never wuz;

Lickrish, to my notion, beats

All th' other boughten sweets.

That's because I think it's done

More to manufacture fun

Than you'd ever hope to find

In th' 'ristocratic kind.

Bon bons they don't make a smear

Runnin' 'round from ear to ear.

Give a baby lickrish drops

An' it hardly ever stops

Till it's decorated up

Like a show clown does his pup.

Ain't no circus ever wuz

Makes me laugh like lickrish does!

A DISSERTATION ON LICKRISH

'Member when I wuz a kid
How us blame fool young'uns did;
Git a nickel, off we'd race
To th' nearest lickrish place.
Couldn't wait to git outside
'Fore we started to divide;
Then we'd stand around an' try
Seein' which could drownd a fly.

Lickrish ain't all laughter, though;
It's been found to have its woe!
Take, fer instance, when you'd squirt
Lickrish on yer Sunday shirt.
Lots o' sweethearts, too, has been
Lost by lickrish on yer chin.
I've heard wimmen swear they'd saw
Real terbacker in yer jaw!

AN IDLER ON CATARACT

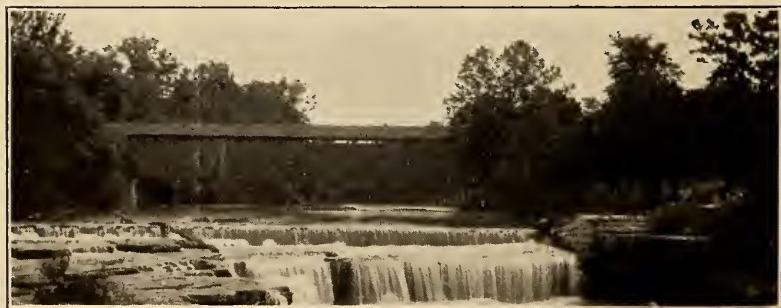
EVER git so doggoned tired
Bein' hired and bein' fired
You just want to find a place
Where a job's a deep disgrace?
Well, I've got th' place to go
When you git to feelin' so.
How'd I find it? Why, gee whiz,
Work ain't all th' joy they is!

Seems like I just got wore out
Hearin' our blamed foreman shout:
"You do this an' you do that,
Elst put on your coat an' hat!"
Did I put 'em on? Well, say,
I ain't worked since week to-day.
I just quit 'em! It's a fact!
Then lit out fer Cataract!

AN IDLER ON CATARACT

Cataract, you know, is down
Where they ain't no crowded town;
Where they ain't no sounds at all,
'Cept th' singin' waterfall;
Singin' birds an' singin' me
Crowdin' God with melody.
We just sing till I git glad
I've quit ever' job I had!

Folks don't thrive, I can't deny,
Countin' ripples racin' by,
Still I think it's just th' trick
When you're slow on 'rithmetic.
Cataract's a big help, too,
When your loafin' days are through.
Ain't it proof to every shirk,
Singin' helps you do your work?



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